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NOTES OF THE WEEK

WE have, so far as we know and hope, acknowledged gratefully the many letters sent to us in encouragement of the SATURDAY REVIEW's new adventure. But one letter deserves more than personal notice. It comes from George Saintsbury—to call him Mr. would be to belittle him and Professor has a horrid sound of pedantry—who is perhaps the most distinguished of all living Saturday Reviewer's, as indeed he is the most distinguished critic and man of letters of our time. It is written personally to one of us and we have, of course, his leave to publish it.

* * *

G.S. on S.R.

"Well done!" he writes "you couldn't have told me anything else of the kind that would have pleased me so much, I can't give you articles. I'm not now equal to good ones: and you don't want bad. But good wishes you shall have as long as I'm capable of wishing: and the memory of those twenty years when your father and I worked together may possibly do something—canny or uncanny—to help you."

Put aside the reference to articles, because he knows how proud the SATURDAY REVIEW will be when it publishes one, and allow us to concentrate our minds on the good wishes which are comforting and precious.

An Economic Conference

One more International Conference is to be held: this time on economics, not politics; and in London not Lausanne. It is stated that the object of the Conference is to consider the stabilisation of commodity prices.

A certain scepticism is inevitable as to the practical effect of such a conference. No doubt it is a good thing for general principles that economists should meet to discuss economic problems (which they usually succeed in making still more unintelligible) but in practice it is difficult to see what they can do by way of remedy.

It is common ground that commodity prices have dropped 40 per cent. and more during the past three years. It is almost common ground that this fall is due in the main to over-production, with under-consumption as an aggravating factor; and it is largely on this account that Protection has developed excessively high tariff walls, with the consequent diminution of export trade and transport business all over the world.

The sequence of cause and effect is clear enough, but the remedy is another matter; and the economists show the usual preliminary signs of eating their own words when faced by a situation they cannot understand. Until recently cheapness of production and sale has been an economic virtue,

but all that is now as old fashioned as last year's hat, and stability of price is now the *summum bonum*.

As to that, we confess ourselves doubtful whether it is so much a remedy as a new disease. If successful it means (a) Inflation, which in present circumstances means (b) that reduced costs will not be passed on to the consumer. But clearly (a) will aggravate over-production, not cure it; and (b) will aggravate under-consumption, not cure it.

The economists, bankers, and politicians must think again. There is no prospect of stability in their proposed remedy; and in the United States, where the thing has been tried for some months, the depression merely gets worse as the dose gets larger.

Strings and Puppets

And which strings are pulling whom behind the scenes? Let us guess—as those who put pins in April the Fifth or take a Dasturdly revenge. Suppose that Internationalism in the Cabinet were ranged against a realist foreign policy based on a firm friendship and close working with France; suppose that the first cause were led by the Prime Minister and the realism by the Foreign Minister: suppose that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald laboured by impulse, Sir John Simon by subtlety.

Esau's Hands

All this would be diverting and, given the two men, not too dangerous in the end. It might also be quite a good guess. If anything more were wanted to explain the sudden idea of a new conference to swamp the Lausanne Conference, which could only have any purpose if the Lausanne Conference had reached agreements which seem inherently impossible, let us guess again. The New and Big Idea comes from America, being a despairing attempt to lock the lid on the box of facts. But the hands may be Esau's hands. The visible approach may have come from our own Prime Minister.

Chancellor Von Papen

The new German Cabinet was a surprise, and the choice of Von Papen as Chancellor has been taken by the rest of Europe as a joke, and a bad one at that. President Hindenburg appears to have made his first bad mistake.

The Von Papen Cabinet is frankly a stopgap while Hitler bides his time. But it is unlikely to meet the Reichstag, and the presence of a mere stopgap at Lausanne is likely to deprive that unfortunate Conference of its last prospect of usefulness. The spectacle of France going to the Left while

Germany swings to the Right is one that could only please the Spirit of Irony in Hardy's *Dynasts*. It bodes ill for the recovery of Europe.

The Publicity of Justice

The Archbishop of Canterbury suggests that steps should be taken to prevent the publicity given to cases like that of the Rector of Stiffkey, which has dragged on for weeks at the Church House and in the evening papers. One can understand, and sympathise with, the desire of any clergyman to prevent the washing of ecclesiastical dirty linen in public, but we cannot think the advice is sound.

The public is quite capable of following these cases with detachment; and whatever the verdict may be in the case of the Rector of Stiffkey, or any other clergyman who may find himself on trial for alleged irregularities of behaviour or doctrine, it will certainly consider him as an individual, and distinguish him from the Church as a whole.

A few months ago a Roman Catholic priest was on trial for certain offences, the nature of which we have completely forgotten (if we ever knew them); but not even the most obstreperous Protestant would have suggested that the behaviour of one obscure priest affected the reputation of the Roman organisation. And did any Nonconformist ever affect to believe that Archdeacon Wakefield was typical of the Archidiaconate?

Divided Control

Waterloo Bridge, once a beauty but now an eyesore of the Thames, is fast becoming an object-lesson in the defects of democratic government. Parliament has made the London County Council responsible for the bridges of London, but each time the County Council proposes to deal with the situation created by the collapse of Waterloo Bridge the House of Commons rejects the proposal.

There is a case for retaining Waterloo Bridge, and a better case for demolishing it. But there is no case at all for a division of control which results in nothing whatever being done to retain, repair, or demolish. The net result is that it looks to the public as if one body is jealous of the other, and as if one authority simply opposes anything that the other approves.

Anglican and Presbyterian

Everybody, or almost everybody of goodwill, must approve the announcement that negotiations are about to be opened between the Established Churches of England and Scotland to discover how much ground they have in common and how closely they can co-operate. The discussions are to be directed specifically towards inter-communion

rather than union, which is just as well, seeing that England has never taken to the Presbyterian model and Scotland cannot stomach Bishops; but even so, there is likely to be a long and difficult road to cover before success is assured.

Even apart from questions of government and ecclesiastical administration there are differences, if not actually of doctrine, at any rate of the emphasis laid on different doctrines. As a mere layman we walk with doubt and difficulty on this quaking ground, but it is clear even to a layman that Presbyterianism has always made a strong point of predestination and original sin.

Anglicanism is no doubt still committed to the theory, but the Revised (and rejected) Prayer Book baptismal service shows that in practice "Our erring sister south of the Tweed" (as a good Scot once described the Church of England) has weakened very considerably on original sin. As to predestination, the plain Englishman, whether branded as a heretic or not, has always been inclined to Pelagianism and the freedom of the individual will. There may be more difficulty over the Communion Service, which is, after all, the crux of the matter.

The Expanding Universe.

Sir James Jeans seems to have got rather the worst of the discussion with his amateur critics on the properties of Space. He regards Space as limited in extent and curved in character, but unfortunately for him the Jeans-universe (like the far boy in *Pickwick*) is swelling visibly before our eyes, or at least before the astronomer's telescope, so that Space, in the Jeans sense, is less limited in extent to-day than it was, say, yesterday.

Nor, since the Jeans-universe is not expanding at the same rate in all directions equally, is the curvature of the Jeans-space necessarily quite the same this week as last. The mathematical curve of theory should be recognisably symmetrical, but there seems nothing comparable to this in the sort of curve demanded by the retreating nebulae.

The fact is partly that Sir James and his critics have different things in mind when they talk about Space, and partly, I suspect, that recent discoveries have made Sir James modify his views more than he quite recognises. When he and Einstein talk of Space they mean the things which fill it, or rather do not fill it; in other words, when they say Universe, they mean Cosmos.

This has led to a good deal of confusion not only among readers, but in the minds of scientists themselves. And the confusion has become worse confounded by the fact that the Cosmos is not content with its existing size, but (like a

Government Department or a middle-aged man's waistcoat) takes up more room as it grows older. If this extra room is not Space until it is occupied, then it is difficult to say what it is.

Reclamation

Our good friends the Dutch are to be very heartily congratulated on the successful completion of the first section of the reclamation of the Zuyder Zee. There is no doubt that the operation will pay; and that not merely in the social sense of enabling more people to live in new villages and more crops to be grown on the reclaimed soil. If the financial figures of the reclamation of Lake Haarlem a few years ago are any guide, the capital expenditure on drainage should pay for itself in the increased rateable value of Holland as a State.

There should be a lesson in this for us. The reclamation of the Fens in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries definitely paid England, but it is sometimes forgotten that the work is not yet completed. The Wash remains—a shallow basin with two river deeps—and the Wash is gradually silting up, at the rate of about a yard a year.

Along the track from King's Lynn to Spalding, where King John lost his baggage seven centuries ago, there now runs a railway line. But a great deal more land could be reclaimed between Lincolnshire and Norfolk if the Government could be persuaded to undertake the work; and this, unlike the arterial roads, would produce direct returns as in Holland.

A Wrong Date.

In last week's issue we caused Sir Frederick Pollock to write in his article on the League of Nations about the Geneva Protocol of "1921." What he really wrote, before editor, sub-editor and printer had busied themselves with his copy was "1924." We did not mean either to confuse our readers or to improve upon the argument of our distinguished contributor. Any lingering prejudice against League or Protocol does not go so far as that! Our apologies go with this correction.

British Agriculture

Elsewhere in this issue we publish an important article on British Agriculture by Mr. G. M. Odlum, a West Country farmer of very wide experience, and a leading spirit at the Devizes meeting which recently attracted so much attention. It will be noticed that he stresses the pastoral rather than the arable side of the problem, and in a subsequent issue another authority will discuss the position of the grain-grower and the effect of the wheat quota.

AGRICULTURE AND OTTAWA

By G. M. Odlum.

THE Ottawa Conference may decide the fate of British Agriculture. The fear grows amongst farmers lest their interests should be traded to the Dominions in seeking to secure assumed advantages in other directions. The Government attitude seems rather to give strength to this sinister view.

If agriculture is to be saved it should already be receiving practical protection equivalent at least to that granted manufacturing industries. But piecemeal relief to date has merely touched the fringe of the problem. Temporary horticultural duties have stimulated the glass-house industry, and if made permanent they may be of real value. But the nominal duty on dairy and poultry products has failed to benefit the farmer a farthing, since a very large percentage of these products remain on the free list. Oats and barley have been taxed, but these crops are used almost entirely by the farmer. On balance the added cost to the livestock feeder has been material. The wheat quota, designed to maintain limited wheat supplies at the estimated cost of production cannot be effective for another year, and at the best it is a palliative and not a remedy.

The farmer, indeed, has materially suffered from the tariffs imposed up to the present. All wheat by-product feeds, extensively used by the livestock keeper, with several other important feeding stuffs, are now taxed. And he is to pay 20 per cent. to 33 per cent. more on nearly every manufactured article he uses, such as fencing and building material, implements, tools, etc. The purchases of taxed goods probably represent £50,000,000 of his annual expenditure. These burdens fall specially heavily on the livestock industry, which is fifteen times as important as wheat. Even in the so-called grain counties 70 per cent. of the farmer's income comes from livestock products. Not one scrap of effective protection has been given to this industry. If all other branches of farming were protected, which they are not, and the major animal industry was left unprotected, there would be no real relief to agriculture.

Why the Government should seem willing to trade away agriculture is hard to fathom. British agriculture in its present parlous state produces, and in turn expends, £200,000,000 per annum. Every penny goes into the hands of the home trader and a large part to the British manufacturer. This £200,000,000 exceeds by £40,000,000 our total sales last year to Russia, Germany, Netherlands, Belgium, France, United States, Sweden, Denmark and the Argentine, and we had an adverse trade balance with all those countries. The Argentine, Denmark and Russia, chiefly supplying foodstuffs, retained respectively 14s., 15s. and 16s. of every pound we expended with them.

As a nation we can no longer exist by selling manufactured goods abroad and purchasing food stuffs. All the world is turning to manufacturing. Our past customers not only supply themselves but have become active competitors, and their

invasion of our markets needs a protective wall to defend them. But to destroy the domestic market in erecting that wall would be lunacy. British agriculture is the British manufacturer's best market.

The National Council of Industry and Commerce puts the position concisely: "We have urban unemployment and rural decay, both on an unprecedented scale; two half empty markets side by side which ought to keep each other full; derelict farms and idle factories. The position is patently absurd. Unless British statesmanship is bankrupt a remedy must and will be found." The Federation of British Industries, and the National Union of Manufacturers express the same view with equal emphasis.

The Government itself was elected on a promise to balance trade by producing all that could be produced at home. It was the £500,000,000 annually sent abroad for products of the soil that destroyed the balance. Now, says the farmer, the Government, blind to the obvious remedy, buries its head in the sands of Geneva.

The power of British agriculture to restore the balance is little understood. We import over £200,000,000 of animal industry products (ignoring hides and wool), with another £20,000,000 of such fruits and vegetables as thrive here. Given a profit the British farmer could produce the greater part of the £200,000,000, thus doubling the present production. This should mean trade to the amount of £200,000,000 no longer going abroad, and manufacturing and commerce stimulated by the same sum spent at home. The unemployment problem should be relieved, for increased farming production would give a livelihood through itself and directly dependent trades (ignoring major manufactures) to twice the number now dependent on the industry; a livelihood to an additional number equal to or exceeding the population of Australia.

Faced with equal opportunities in any business proposition no sane man would hesitate to act. Why, one may ask, does the Nation hesitate. The Nation, in so far as it can speak, does not hesitate. The inaction rests with its representatives. Some 75 per cent. of the present Commons are pledged to place Agriculture on its feet. Except by some trivial tariffs, mostly futile, by creating cumbersome quotas, marketing boards, commissions and other familiar shelving devices, they have done nothing material to help farming. They have, indeed, imposed additional burdens.

Agriculture stands on the verge of bankruptcy. With its collapse British manufacturing would lose its best present and its greatest potential market. There seems a remote hope, faint because of sheer trifling with the problem, of some effective protection following Ottawa. The Dominions may be tolerant and far-sighted. The Conference, from the farmers' viewpoint, is a final test of the sincerity and sagacity of their Parliamentary champions and the possible end of past legislative sidetracking.

LAMENT FOR THE UNKNOWN MABEL

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A NAVAL man I met at a night-club recently reminded me (we were discussing the Jutland mess, Springtime, love, and cognate matters) that one of the most tantalising love-stories in the world is contained in Rear-Admiral A. F. B. Carpenter's justly celebrated volume on the Zeebrugge Raid of April 22, 1918.

The story of Harold and Mabel as told by Rear-Admiral Carpenter is as follows: On the morning of the final attack, the 22nd, when all ranks were on their toes after two false starts, telephonic communication between Vindictive at her moorings and the Vice-Admiral at Dover was continuously and exasperatingly, as it then seemed, interrupted by a certain unknown Harold who was talking urgently over a crossed line, one of several, to a certain Mabel; not merely pressing her to lunch with him that day but relating to her at some length the passionate story of his life.

Shortly after lunch-time the Zeebrugge flotilla sailed for the first rendezvous—at just about the time, we may assume, that Harold was putting it well across over the coffee. At midnight Vindictive bumped alongside Zeebrugge Mole into a sudden hell of steel and flame; simultaneously, we may conjecture, with Harold's bidding Mabel a long, wonderful good-night. And next morning the newspapers were full of Zeebrugge, a fact which may have interested Harold, and possibly Mabel, but which surely exhibited a lack of proportion out of the ordinary? I think so myself. I fancy it was Anatole France who once pointed to a statue of some renowned general in the Tuilleries and observed sardonically that we put up monuments to those who take human life but not to those who generate it. If his point is just, then obviously one may be excused for attempting a mild revaluation of all this business of April 22. For example:

The morning newspaper contents-bills of the 23rd overwhelmed and dazed the eager town with the noise of a hundred festal orchestras, the waving of a thousand banners. They said, for the most part:

**MABEL
LOVES
HAROLD.
AMAZING NEWS CONFIRMED.**

—
ZEEBRUGGE RAID SUCCESS

—and the *Times*, very properly, gave the note to the rest of the Press in a long, dignified, yet exultant leading article beginning:

"National anxiety, so justified by the late despatches from the Western Front, will dissolve into heartfelt relief and rejoicing at to-day's splendid news, the more uplifting for its synchronization with the feast-day of our national Saint. Fervently may we echo the joyous outburst with which HORACE saluted a day of equal moment to OCTAVIUS and to Rome.

*Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero
Pulsanda tellus.*

For MABEL loves HAROLD! What the nation had feared, what the sturdiest of men and women of British blood had scarcely dared formulate, even in solitude—the dark possibility that MABEL had been captured by the meretricious charm of a MR. CYRIL SMITH, proves now but a nightmare which was vanished, in the manner of such *nocturnum phantasmata*, in the golden effulgence of an April morning.

And ending:

"The pride and affection of a whole people goes out to greet HAROLD on this festal day. There is also not uninteresting news of an attempt on Zeebrugge, which seems to have succeeded."

The leading newspapers of the Allies were swift to swell the congratulatory chorus. "Nous nous associons de tout cœur," said the *Temps*, "à la joie et au soulagement de nos amis britanniques, et devant cet événement solennel et glorieux nous nous inclinons avec une émotion sincère et recueillie. Vive Mabel! Vive Haralt! Vive l'Amour!" The Agence Wolff hastily issued via Amsterdam a mendacious report to the effect that Mabel would still continue to receive gifts of flowers and chocolates from a Mr. Derek Golightly. This report was officially denied in all the London evening papers, and the *Morning Post* next day printed in heavily-leaded pica type an important piece of verse in iambic pentameters called "The Price Ye Paid," by Mr. Kipling, scarring the slanderers concerned in quasi-Scriptural language and demanding divine vengeance. In Parliament that afternoon Mr. BIPP (U., Nutley, S.) asked the Prime Minister whether the report that Mabel loved Harold was confirmed by the Government.

THE PRIME MINISTER: The report is officially confirmed (Loud cheering). The Government are considering the advisability of proclaiming a national holiday pending the erection of some suitable memorial. (Cheers).

MR. GROUCH (Soc., N. Beds.): Is it true that Mabel sat out six dances at a V.A.D. hospital last week with two separate subalterns, a Mr. Timson, or Tomson, and a Mr. Ffolliott-Smythe? (Disorder).

THE PRIME MINISTER: That is a dastardly suggestion. (Renewed cheers)

MR. GROUCH (rising again): By the way, what about—what is it?—that Zeebrugge incident?

THE PRIME MINISTER: Oh, a success, I believe.

"*De te mutato nomine . . .*" as the cultured leader-writers of the *Times* would say. If ours was a fortunate youth, then Harold's point of view must once have been yours and mine. It is a point of view held by half the universe in every day in every year since the dawn of the world. With the object of discovering exactly how far this cosmic truth is grasped by Harold I made a point of searching him out. It was a difficult business. I ran Harold to earth just as he was about to use the telephone, possibly for a luncheon appointment.

To break the ice, I asked rather roguishly after Mabel.

"Mabel?" said Harold, puzzled, holding the receiver.

TAKING THE T OUT OF EGOTISM

By E. GRAHAM HOWE

HERE is only one urge that makes us move in life: the motive of "I want." Whether the internal tension makes itself felt, or is seen in terms of thought, whether it be impulse or conscience, appetite or ideal, fight or flight, done or undone, it is "I want" that makes it so. It is this state of internal tension, like a spring which needs to find its rest, that is the source of the recurrent energy of our being and doing. On the plane of thinking, it is the function of thought to discriminate, explain and select, so that we may the more easily find happiness in rest. But thinking may lead us to discriminate too much, and to explain wrongly. We say, "I want it because . . .," and may regard both "it" and "because" as being primary, instead of incidental. "It," the desired external goal or object, is but a seen illusory means to the real unseen end of an internal satisfaction, peace after striving. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you" is really a statement of fact that reduces possession of the desired object to the comparative unimportance of a means to the desired end. Beyond that our hopes are an illusion, unstable in equilibrium, and disappointing.

"Selfishness" is a vague and misused word that conveys, like love, a multitude of meaning. We know what we mean when we say, "He is selfish," but it becomes difficult to explain why it is necessarily wrong to be oneself. Is there no virtue to be found in "Self-ishness"? We are evidently at a loss for words when faced with the platitude of paradox, "He who would find himself must lose himself." If there were two selves, this would be plain enough. But which self is which, and how shall we describe them?

An easy way to confuse the learned is to ask for a comparative definition of "egotist" and "egoist." Even the dictionary is not helpful, so their quandary may be forgiven. "Egoism: (ethics) theory that treats self-interest as foundation of morality: systematic selfishness: self-opinionatedness." The start is better, but theory is bad enough, and the conclusion is as bad as egotist. And yet we have the two words available for our needs. Can we not use them in distinction of our problem to define the rights and wrongs of "Self-ishness"?

We know the egotist so well. His "I" is all-important, the most usual adjectives applied to him are "supreme" and "perfect." The world for him is "me": if not, it ought to be. The words "ought" and "must" are frequently on his lips, for he is an idealist. He is sure that he is right, and is, therefore, often compelled to interfere with the rights of others. Ideals for him are an immediate compulsion: like everything else he wants, it must be now. He is ambitious and competitive, prepared to stick at nothing to prove "The world is me: the world is mine: it is so now, or ought to be." And yet he is a great one to uphold all morality and convention, for his mood is always determined by a compulsive measure of perfection. He must be right, and in this conflict strives his discontent, to rightly get

and hold the absolute perfection. But he is more than afraid, he is a coward too, who wants the priceless without payment of the price.

What of the egoist? He has lost something more than a T, but he has found himself and gained content. "One thing I know: my mother's arms, divine omnipotence, those are not me, and neither ought to be." He has found and faced the loneliness of his dependent isolation. "I am alone: I am myself: I am one." But he is wanting still, and yet his wanting is no longer a compulsion, for he has lost and so can wait to gain. Though the egoist may feel vitally his desires, it is in seeking, not in finding, that his ease and comfort come to him. The ideal for him is defined as the unattainable, which is still well worth striving after. "Ought" does not exist for the egoist, either for himself or others. The only ought which he obeys is "is-ness," and that he does not know, but painfully discovers in slowly unfolding the multiplicity of mind. He is largely indifferent to the external compulsion of public convention, for his dictatorship is internal, and in the inner voice of wisdom he finds his own version of the way. Ambitious he may be, but without compulsion or immediacy. He has found the secret of true co-operation, for no one is fitted to find co-harmony of souls until he has first found and faced the essential loneliness of his own. He needs no illusion to make him happy, no bought excitement to give him pleasure, no external praise or blame, and demanding and expecting nothing, can feel no disappointment.

The egoist is the opposite of being self-centred, for he lives towards an outer world of the objects of his love. Yet he is not eccentric, except that his own differentness may vary from accepted external standards. The world for him is his reality, his love for it. Possessing it within himself, he has no compulsion to possess it in material illusion, but can enjoy it as it flies in the passing flux of time. "It is not me, it is not mine. Yet I love it, and leaving it alone, find peace."

The parable of the rich young ruler, and the analogy of the camel and the needle's eye, are in this sense the very platitude of truth. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you." It has no real existence in things striven for, nor commandments obeyed, but only in the inner peace of lonely satisfaction. If there be an external Heaven, it would still be Hell for the egotist.

"To lose himself is to find himself." This apparent paradox is simple enough if we accept the two selves of egotism and egoism. The first is an outer shell of illusion, the self of which I know, the consciousness of what I am and what I think I ought to be. This self deserves the illusory distinction of a large capital "S." The other is the still inner self, the real self which is unknown and so different from that of ought and expectation, and needs no false distinction, so may be spelt "s." To find it is to find the peace that passeth understanding. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you."

THIS WEEK'S ARGUMENT

HAS THE CONQUEST OF THE AIR MADE THE NAVY UNNECESSARY?

YES, By MAJOR OLIVER STEWART.

MOST interesting of all the special claims to attention made for the Royal Air Force at the present time, is its power to effect monetary savings in the defence system on a scale which is beyond reach by any other means.

Economy is a word which has so often been dragged from its true meaning that it would be better in this discussion to substitute the word efficiency. The need is not for economy in defence, it is for efficiency; for the obtaining of the maximum of result from a given expenditure of money.

And in this sense the Air Force is more efficient than either of the other arms. Its mobility might be expressed very roughly as fifteen times that of land and sea forces, for its units not only move at about ten times the speed of ground forces, but they also possess the ability to go over both land and sea. In the defence of a scattered Empire mobility is a major consideration.

A Government which determined to entrust the main defence responsibility to its air force could reduce its defence votes without impairing security. Rapid technical development and the establishment of Empire air routes and strategical bases for aircraft would be the chief needs, and that they could be fulfilled without heavy expenditure is shown by the existing figures.

The air vote for 1932 was £17,400,000. There are 76 regular R.A.F. Squadrons, including the Fleet Air Arm Flights, and the Home Defence force consists of 42 squadrons out of the 52 laid down in 1923 as the minimum for security. First line R.A.F. aircraft, including those of the Auxiliary Air Force (which are regarded officially as "second line") and those in India, number 950. Their total cost is less than that of a battle cruiser.

Instead of being given progressively greater responsibilities therefore, the R.A.F. is kept in a relatively more subordinate position than it was at the end of the war of 1914. It is not allowed to play more than an insignificant part in the defence scheme. Yet when it has been permitted to play a part it has done well, as the history of the last ten years shows.

On the North West Frontier of India, in Kurdistan and in the rebel areas in Burma early last year it has operated with success. In Cyprus during the disturbances in October it divided the work with the infantry; but in Aden it worked alone with satisfactory results. Kabul will also be remembered as an example of the adaptability of the R.A.F., which is far from being nothing more than a bombing force.

The R.A.F. to-day is ready for responsibilities. It has shown itself capable of undertaking them and it has also shown that it can offer higher efficiency than the other arms. Greater use should be made of it in the national defence scheme, since it offers higher security at less cost than the two senior arms.

NO, By CAPTAIN BERNARD ACWORTH (late R.N.).

THE ability to fly, a quarter of a century old, does not imply the conquest of the air, as the awful tale of casualties in the Air Force and in civil machines demonstrates. The aeroplane, like the airship, is still, and for ever must remain, the servant of the weather. To no other vehicle is the wind not wind but a current, which implies that the speed and distance over the ground that aircraft can achieve is a product of the speed and direction of the wind, and of the speed and course of the machine. Fuel, the chief cargo of aeroplanes, is thus incalculable in advance and any bomb load may be impossible in a wind.

But disregarding this admitted disability of aircraft for anything but short distance work it must be plain that on the high seas ships are immune from land based aircraft. This is not disputed. Air-minded folk claim, however, that near land ships will be sunk wholesale by bombers, that docks and dockyards will be obliterated, and harbours rendered untenable. But what does experience teach?

In the late War this country alone produced 125,825 machines, though at the Armistice there were 22,171 only on charge, figures which justify Lord Trenchard's estimate that air casualties in the next war will be 80 or 90 per cent. of machines and pilots per month. These astronomical figures were characteristic of other nations, including Germany. But what did Germany accomplish against ships, docks and dockyards, with her aircraft? Waters within easy reach of her aerodromes were swarming with merchant ships. Dunkirk Harbour was crowded. Off the Belgian coast scores of men-of-war operated. Though the destruction of British ships was Germany's chief aim during the whole War one ship alone was struck by a bomb, without sinking. Appreciating the futility of attempting to interrupt sea communications by air Germany concentrated on bombing civilians. 103 air raids on this country killed 1,413 persons in four years, an aerial casualty list which must make a modern pedestrian's mouth water. Docks and harbours remained intact.

Four years of intensive effort by combined British and French bombing expeditions aimed against the locks and docks of Zeebrugge left the German submarine base unharmed, thereby leading to the attack by sea on St. George's Day. Against submarines it is on record at the Admiralty that aircraft achieved less than any other form of attack. Innumerable attacks on the Goeben, when aground at Chanak, failed to achieve a hit. Since the War, bombing attacks on ships have been futile.

To turn from experience, is it to be supposed that shore-based aircraft could sight, let alone attack, a fleet passing their base, if the Admiral was in his right mind? Can aircraft operate in the dark?

The institution of a separate Air Force, like other Ministries, was the work of interested parties and had no strategical justification.

THE AFFAIRS OF JUNE

By Guy C. Pollock

ON Monday, by grace of Heaven and favour of Mæcenas, I shall offer a May-fly to a large, fat trout; and I have already watched the earlier batches of pheasant-chicks strutting—from one precocious coop fluttering—on the rearing field. Give me the June of all our dreams, and the changes and chances of this mortal life would have no power to depress me. I would forgive all wrong-doers, bless them that curse me, and become so amiable that I might as well grow a beard, for all the recognition my friends would give me.

What is the June of all our dreams? My good Sir! My dear Madam! If you insist, it is made up of warm, but not oppressively hot, sunny days, with a zephyr stirring from the South-East, and its nights are moistened by refreshing showers which fall while all proper folk are soundly asleep. All the flowers that look most lovely and smell most sweet grow and prosper in the day time, and the dry parts of the nights are almost heavy with a scented air. The strawberries are a perfect success, the raspberries follow them in an even greater profusion, and we have all begun the month by winning one of the big sweeps or, at least, by backing heavily the winner of the Derby. There! You shall not say that I don't know what I want.

At any rate, June cannot be dull. It may still be the fashion to sneer at the May-fly, and persons still exist who deem it a simple way of catching trout. But why sneer at one of the loveliest, least calculable, most pathetic, and most genuinely ephemeral of God's creatures? And why talk nonsense about catching trout?

May-fly—may not

Mæcenas has told me that the hatch of May-fly in Hertfordshire is tremendous. He said no more. Trout may or may not be taking them. Being Mæcenas, I do not doubt that the imminence of another twopence—or fourpence, or sixpence—checked his utterance. It does not matter. I could not go to fish to-day or to-morrow. I can only go on Monday. By then the May-fly hatch may be finished; even if the trout ever came on the fly properly they may have learned to scorn it and avoid it; the only hope may be a spent gnat, and not much hope in that. All these things might equally be so to-day or to-morrow.

When I get to the river I may find a brisk hatch and a good rise going on, and I may put down, prick, or lose every trout to which I cast until I am driven beyond the reach of blasphemy, or I may find an old fish feeding industriously here and there on the dregs of a hatch. These may be the best fish in the river; one of them, perhaps the most accessible, may weigh more than four pounds. I may rise him at the first cast, fasten in him firmly, and slide him into the net after a battle long enough to thrill but not dangerous enough to damage my heart permanently. Just as well may I lose the big fish after his antics have ruptured my heart muscles and make a hopeless hash of every other cast that I attempt.

That is what May-fly fishing is like—difficult and dubious, just like every other form of fly-fishing; distinguished by the peculiar difficulty of waiting long enough before you strike. But the prizes are attractive. The May-fly *does* bring up the biggest fish, and there is an extraordinary excitement about it.

So there is about the rearing field and the young pheasants. First the stupid old broody hens sitting so industriously on eggs they have not laid, and incapable of any "wild surmise" when the alien chicks break through the shell. The eggs have, perhaps, been laid in the keeper's pen. Are they fertile? How many are fertile? Those questions are now answered, or being answered. Then comes the weather. Shall the thunderstorm of storms sweep away all our pretty chickens, with or without their dam, at one fell swoop? Shall a positive drought open cracks in the ground and otherwise destroy them? And the diseases—pneumonia, gapes, coccidiosis and, worst of all, strange, divers diseases which puzzle the keeper until half the hatch is dead. And teething-time, which is feathering time. And the enemies—rats, stoats, hawks, foxes and mankind.

Ponderabilia

These things add a zest to the life of those who have an interest in a rearing field. They generate such anxieties as are calculated precisely to keep at bay the useless and tremendous worries of our present days. They oppress the keeper to the limit of endurance. They interest the shooting man.

June, then, is the critical month of all the year. Roses, strawberries, large trout, pheasants on the field, partridges out of the wild nests; they all lie in June's lap. So do the pic-nic parties and the open road and all the supreme loveliness, peace, and contentment which are the true vision of England. We do well to ponder June hopefully, but not as those who are infatuated. It is also the chief month of the London Season.

The Saturday Review

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THEATRE By Gilbert Wakefield.

Dangerous Corner. By J. B. Priestley. Lyric. The very last thing I should venture to say of Mr. Priestley's first play, is to call it promising. On the contrary, and whatever else it may be or may not be, it is a highly accomplished piece of craftsmanship, and much more like a brilliant "Etude" by an expert playwright.

As you possibly know, the drama is constructed as an after-dinner conversation. An "unfortunate" remark by one of the guests leads to the re-opening of an inquiry into the circumstances of a death, which the Coroner's inquest has declared to be a case of suicide. This time the truth is gradually discovered, thanks (though whether anyone concerned would have thanked him, is another matter) to the pertinacity of a tactless brother of the deceased. It is a case of "one thing leading to another"; till eventually the half-dozen characters are discovered to be all of them discreditably involved in an "affair," which, had the facts become public, would have provided the newspapers with enough "Sensational Revelations" to satisfy even the most avaricious of their readers. When everyone, including the deceased, has been stripped of every shred of reputation, and the stage is littered with their scandalous secrets, the curtain descends. But only for a moment. It rises again; and in a scene which is really an epilogue, the author starts his play afresh right from the beginning, in order to show us how the Dangerous Corner might quite easily have been "negotiated." Again the unfortunate remark is uttered, but this time the hostess, Mrs. Caplan, tactfully disregards its compromising implications. The party settles down to listen to the wireless, and the play is over.

Now, on the evening I was present, some of those sitting in the cheaper places started laughing—I mean, laughing derisively—in the middle of a scene which very obviously was not intended to amuse. I mention this laughter because I think it was significant. It reflected no particular discredit either on the audience or Mr. Priestley. Indeed, so far as the laughers were concerned, I sympathised. To borrow Mr. Priestley's metaphor, the play had reached a dangerous corner and was skidding rather ominously. It was difficult to understand exactly what had caused the skid, but I fancy it was one of two things: either the construction of the car was faulty, or there was a momentary error of judgment in the driving. It depends whether Mr. Priestley meant his play (as distinct from its epilogue) to be a realistic representation of a possibility, or merely an imaginative hypothesis, intended to demonstrate the appalling results which would probably occur if people probed beneath the superficial respectability of even the more reputable among their friends.

Taking the realistic theory first, the play amounts to little more than a detective-story, frequently exciting, and continuously ingenious, but so overloaded as to be incredible. And that, I fancy, is how the audience, or at least the laughers in the audience, were regarding the sensational confessions on the stage. In that case, the trouble was that Mr. Priestley, who was extricating these

confessions by what were really dialectical conjuring-tricks, had forgotten that no good conjurer ever repeats a trick; persisting in contriving variations of the same trick, he finally did it once too often—with the inevitable consequence that the audience "spotted" the secret. On the other hand, it is equally possible that only the epilogue is realistic, while the play preceding it is what Mr. J. M. Barrie calls a "Fancy." In that case, the trouble was constructional. The audience was being given something it could not reasonably be expected to appreciate. For the ordinary playgoer assumes (very naturally) that every play is meant as "really happening," unless he has been told quite plainly that it isn't. And Mr. Priestley had omitted to give anything more than a subtle, and indeed equivocal, hint that the consequences of Mrs. Caplan's indiscreet questioning were purely imaginative and hypothetical, and therefore not restricted by the ordinary laws of probability. Whichever is the proper explanation of the momentary skid, it is only fair to record that the play soon afterwards righted itself, and that thenceforward Mr. Priestley had complete command of it.

The most admirable feature of this, otherwise not entirely satisfactory, entertainment is its craftsmanship. To have written a play (you might call it a cerebral melodrama) which is wholly retrospective and investigatory; which has virtually no "action" in it; yet which never for a single moment ceases to be drama, is a very remarkable achievement—especially as Mr. Priestley is a new comer to the theatre. And if the story, which consists of half-a-dozen individual histories woven into a single complicated pattern, is a shade too intricate for perfect comprehension in the theatre, there was never a moment when it seemed too intricate for Mr. Priestley. The evidence was clear enough in detail; only there was rather too much of it.

It is very well acted, and most cleverly produced by Mr. Tyrone Guthrie, whom I am beginning to consider the most intelligent producer in the London theatre. Mr. Richard Bird is appropriately puzzled and pertinacious as the dead man's brother; Miss Marie Ney, as Mrs. Caplan, is a lovely woman with a thousand secrets and sufficient intelligence to keep them secret; Mr. William Fox, as an abnormal young man with hysterical tendencies, plays a difficult part with commendable courage; and Mr. Frank Allenby, though absurdly miscast to play the only character who is not "public school," and making not the smallest effort to lower himself socially, was as usual immensely attractive and intelligent. The finest opportunities for emotional acting fell to Miss Flora Robson. That she dealt with them with subtlety, as well as with force and sincerity, goes, I think, in these days without saying.

In conclusion, let me recommend the very lovely new production of "Twelfth Night" (at the New Theatre), which is chiefly remarkable for the beautiful black-and-white settings and costumes, and for a magnificent performance by Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry as Olivia. I hope to deal with this at greater length next week.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST.

Murders in the Rue Morgue. Directed by Robert Florey. The Capitol.

Polly of the Circus. Directed by Alfred Santell. The Empire.

The First Mrs. Fraser. Directed by Sinclair Hill. The Plaza.

Every now and again there is an outcry against the liberties which Hollywood takes with the works of our authors: the outraged should take fresh heart because, whatever treatment has been meted out to the living or dead writers of this country, the film centre has reserved its most crushing blow for one of its own countrymen.

"Murders in the Rue Morgue" is generally regarded as being one of Poe's finest short stories; it is macabre, has suspense and can be thoroughly recommended to those who take an intelligent interest in horrors. The screen version, which comes to the Capitol this week, is not macabre, has no suspense, and can be thoroughly recommended to those who like a good laugh. The Universal Company would have been better advised to try their hand at Mr. Merrick's "Suicides in the Rue Sombre." What will happen to "The Tell-tale Heart," or "The Case of Amontillado" when the scenarists have finished with them I am afraid to think, but our writers of comedy will have to look to their laurels.

Nearly as surprising as this hash of Poe is the appearance of Clark Gable with a clerical collar in "Polly of the Circus," at the Empire. The delightful Marion Davies is compelled to fall in love with this clergyman; bearing the title in mind, you will have little trouble in solving the rest of the story. The question of the censorship bristles with difficulties, but it seems to me that here is a picture which, as it stands, should not have been passed for exhibition. The stupidity of the story to some extent mitigates its offence, but a drunk man in church and certain references to the Bible are neither edifying nor amusing. A cynical explanation was given to me as to why these scenes remained uncensored, but I prefer to think that the Board is merely unobservant. There are some fine shots of the flying trapeze, which are reminiscent of "Vaudeville," but the rest of the direction is commonplace. The supporting picture, "The Crooked Lady," comes from the Twickenham studios; this opens well, but falls away sadly.

So far so bad, but I hoped that the screen version of "The First Mrs. Fraser" at the Plaza would enable me to recommend something. This picture, unfortunately, is the most disappointing of the lot. A very amusing comedy has been converted into a cabaret show, and both the acting and the direction are uninspired. I have been told that one should not stress the gloomy side of things at the moment, therefore let everyone forget the three films to which I have referred and look to the immediate future. On Thursday, Mr. Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed" comes to the Carlton, and on Sunday the Cambridge Theatre opens as a cinema, with Mr. Lang's "M." Already the clouds are beginning to clear!

THE IDEAL DINNER

By C. W. Berry

(Author of "Viniana").

"WHAT day of the week is the 8th March?" enquired Raven Hill, peering over my shoulder, as I opened my pocket diary. "That's splendid: no engagement for that day. Warner and I want you to join us and make this particular symposium an outstanding remembrance."

After a lengthy discussion, in which my ribald remark of "Cyder Cup" evoked the rejoinder "that apples were barred in this Paradise," the following wines were chosen:—

Sherry.—Choice Old Amontillado.

Moselle.—1921 Avelsbacher Herrenberg Beeren Auslese, Fuder Nr. 3959, Wachstum Weingut D.O.V.

Claret.—1899 Ch. Cheval-Blanc, St. Emilion. 1870 Ch. Langoa. 1864 Ch. Lafite.

Tokay.—1843 Tokay Essence, formerly the property of the Princely House of Bretzenheim. One of the bottles which were sealed up during the Hungarian Revolution of 1849 and re-discovered in 1925.

Brandy.—1858 Grande Fine Champagne.

The inclusion of the particular Moselle and the Tokay Essence seemed almost a sacrilege, but the best and nothing but the best being the order of that particular evening, I had perforce to acquiesce.

The Moselle, Avelsbacher, was the first wine to be served—what a bottle it proved! The Avelsbacher Vineyards are near Trier, years before the Great War it was a forest, but the wild and heavy growth of nature was uprooted—I believe by convict labour—and replaced by the cultured and gentle vine. The wonderful Summer of 1921 aided by the wine grower's art produced true "Bottled Sunshine."

To my way of thinking, this wine was too fine, too full, too everything, to lead up to those delectable wines which were to follow; in fact, the carafe of water so thoughtfully placed on the table was in reality a necessity.

It would be unkind, perhaps, to enlarge on the clarets—my thoughts become extravagant even as I write them down.

When the Soufflé arrived, it was perfection—what a wise adage to remember—"Never allow the Soufflé to wait for your guests, but rather allow your guests to wait for the Soufflé."

The 1834 Tokay Essence was the next indulgence; it was introduced for the interest and benefit of the ladies (for which may my hosts be forgiven), none of whom had previously come in contact with the true essence of Tokay. To drink this Elixir of Life in the way we did was a crime; such bottles should be opened only in cases of extreme illness, when its beneficial properties have so often proved incalculable.

The Grande Fine 1858 was a fitting finish to a perfect symposium; "A wonderful evening," I said, "when shall we have another?"

Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

SHORT STORY.**THE TRIUMPH OF THE UNGODLY**

By Jim Hemyng

In the days when a lady veiled her ankle from the world more closely than she hides her knee to-day, Mrs. Rosita Mainwaring came to Melenzano. Even now the reader will remember some of the scandals of her lurid career. Then, when her wickedness was enhanced by a well-preserved loveliness, she was as welcome in the British colony of the little Riviera town as a hawk among the chickens. She was flourishing like the green bay tree and had purchased from the executors of the late Samuel Rowbotham, the model of respectability which has endowed Melenzano with an English church and library, the Villa Meravigliosa, the showplace of the whole Italian Riviera.

The spinsters of Melenzano pursed their thin lips and whispered shocking secrets about "that woman," "that person," "that creature." With only one dissentient voice, a sentence of social ostracism was pronounced, though it entailed the sacrifice of Sunday morning walks in the lovely Meravigliosa garden. On that day the late Mr. Rowbotham had been accustomed to open his grounds to the English colony and it was understood that Mrs. Mainwaring had audaciously offered to maintain the custom.

The dissentient voice was harsh, contemptuous and authoritative. It belonged to Lady McCullagh, who at seventy was a law unto herself and who was so well connected that her habit of snubbing, contradicting and bullying her neighbours was put down to an amiable eccentricity. Gardening was her passion, and as her modest villa was at the gates of the Villa Meravigliosa, she regarded its garden as an extension of her own, despite her dislike for sanctimonious Sam, as she called the late Rowbotham.

Now Professor McNab, the professor of Sanskrit, a little wizened, livery Scotsman, was the recognised leader of Melenzano society. By the grace of his wife, a large, raw-boned Scotswoman with a horse-like face, he was sidesman and church-warden and pillar of the English church. Mrs. McNab, after consultation with Mrs. Bones, the doctor's wife, a lean woman with a sharp, enquiring nose, ordained Mr. Mainwaring's ostracism. Mrs. Bones' collaboration was important, because she commanded from her windows the zigzag walled road that led to the Villa Meravigliosa.

Such was the state of affairs at Melenzano when I travelled out with the Reverend Harold Spedding, the new chaplain. A young man of ideals, Spedding had worn himself out in an East Endcuracy, and his health had broken down as a result of over-work and under-feeding. Some little trouble was caused at first, I believe, by genuflexions, vestments and other practices to which Spedding was accustomed. Then, one unfortunate day, Spedding met Mrs. Mainwaring on the sea shore, and, to the speechless horror of

Melenzano, he not only took off his hat and spoke to her, but actually walked about with her, talking hard for one hour and thirteen minutes by Mrs. McNab's watch.

That afternoon, the Library, the headquarters of English life in Melenzano, was a-buzz with gossip. With a sniff Mrs. McNab said to Mrs. Bones, who was off duty for the moment, "Just what I expected. Papist practices and lax morality always go together."

Next day Professor McNab had a word with the chaplain. He retired hot and angry and Mrs. McNab entered the fray. As a forlorn hope, Mrs. Bones caught Spedding at the church door. They gave account of their intervention to an informal meeting at the Library. The following day was Sunday and a discussion arose as to whether attendance at Church would be tantamount to condoning immorality. Professor McNab, however, quieted all consciences by insisting that spiritual privileges must only be abandoned in the last resort.

In point of fact the little church was packed next day with the entire English colony of Melenzano. A gasp of horror and amazement went up from the congregation when, just before the service, two ladies walked quietly up the aisle and took their seats in a front pew just under the pulpit. Lady McCullagh, who was rarely seen in church, sailed serenely onward and examined the people to right and left through her tortoise-shell starers with a stony glare and an expression of cynical amusement. Behind her, smiling sweetly in a wonderful Paris frock, came that woman, Mrs. Rosita Mainwaring.

The chaplain seemed quite unconscious of the atmosphere of tense excitement. He looked tired and pale, but a successful East End curate must have a touch of pugnacity in him. He went to the pulpit and gave out his text: "Judge not that ye be not judged." The congregation swayed with uncomfortable surprise. After a quiet beginning in which he spoke of sinners and publicans, Spedding thundered out St. Paul's praise of charity and passed to a denunciation of gossip and tittle-tattle. "Let us try to think the best of our neighbours." At these words the overstrained bow broke. For the last few minutes Mrs. McNab had been whispering to her husband and was seen to nudge him violently with her elbow. The Professor cleared his throat, suddenly rose from his seat, threw his large hymn-book—he was shortsighted—with a crash at the lectern, and marched out of church. About half the congregation followed him and all the rest except Lady McCullagh and Mrs. Mainwaring left when the sermon ended.

Thenceforward Spedding preached Sunday after Sunday to an empty church and no one in Melenzano except Lady McCullagh and Mrs. Mainwaring dared acknowledge his salutation.

Easter was very late that year, and during the Spring there was a great drought on the Riviera coast. The English colony, whose villas had a special water-supply from the springs of the Villa Meravigliosa, enjoyed their baths and watered their gardens as usual. The supply of the Italian town, however, dried up altogether, and the Sindaco appealed to the foreigners to provide them with water. At a meeting it was decided to refuse this request, and it seemed as if the Italians of Melenzano were to be reduced to bringing water in carts from Battaglia, the next village five miles away.

An emergency meeting was held in the Library. It was agreed that the shortage must be due to the prodigality with which Mrs. Mainwaring was serving out water to the Italian town from the springs above, and a deputation consisting of the Professor and his wife and Mrs. Bones was empowered to protest.

"We have come," said the Professor, "on a very serious matter. We have no water."

"You poor things!" said Mrs. Mainwaring sweetly, "This drought has been terrible. Let us hope it will rain soon."

"All the water that you have been sending down to the town has dried up our supply, and we must ask you to be more sparing in your generosity."

"Oh, I don't think it is that," said Mrs. Mainwaring innocently. "There is lots of water for the town. The reason that I have had to cut down your supply is that I have decided to cultivate the waste part of the hill above the Villa. I have always wanted to grow real English grass on the Riviera and I am laying out a beautiful lawn. Of course you will be able to get water in a cart from Battaglia."

The replies of the three delegates uttered simultaneously were unintelligible, but the Professor was at least coherent when he shouted as he left the house: "You will hear from my solicitor!"

I have always believed that Lady McCullagh was responsible for the dastardly plot. It was certainly Lady McCullagh who next day went down the hill with a grim smile on her face and a little red account book in her hand. She interviewed the inhabitants of each villa, and her conversation with Mrs. Bones, the first on her road, may stand as an example of the rest.

"Jemima," said Lady McCullagh, who always addressed the members of the British Colony as if they were children, "I have come about the water. I suppose you want it back."

Mrs. Bones, who had spent a miserable day in trying to satisfy the requirements of her husband and three children with three buckets of water bought at an exorbitant price from a descending water cart, heroically tried to conceal her despair and muttered something about her husband and the Professor and legal proceedings.

"Pooh!" said Lady McCullagh, "And how long will your legal proceedings take? Every Italian in the place is against you, and Rosita will buy two lawyers to your one. All your gardens will be ruined and your husband won't have a

patient left. You can have your water back on conditions, two conditions, and I think Rosita is letting you off too lightly."

With Lady McCullagh's cold stare upon her, Mrs. Bones hesitated and was lost.

"You and your husband," said Lady McCullagh, "will attend service on Easter Day morning, just as every other member of the congregation will do."

Then she opened the little red account book and showed a page headed in red ink: "The Reverend Harold Spedding's Easter Offering."

"Let me see," said Lady McCullagh, who through some extraordinary sixth sense knew the exact income of every member of the British colony. "I shall put you and Dr. Bones down for so many lire."

Mrs. Bones protested that it was far more than they could possibly afford.

"Nonsense, my dear," replied Lady McCullagh, "please remember that I shall go through the offertory myself and, if anyone fails, all the water will be cut off again and everyone will know who is responsible."

Spedding, who knew nothing of her manoeuvres, was overpowered when on Easter Day he faced a church packed to overflowing. Convinced that the hearts of his flock had been touched by spontaneous repentance, he preached them an extempore sermon that hurt no one's feelings and filled all the congregation with a warm consciousness of comfortable virtue.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

LITERARY EDITOR'S LIST

Winters of Content, by O. Sitwell. Duckworth. 15s. Will be reviewed.

The dissolution of an Empire. Murray 15s. Or Russia '14-'18. Portrayed by Miss M. Buchanan our Ambassador's daughter.

The tragedy of the Dardanelles, by E. Delage. Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. A French view vouched for by Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, C.-in-C. Gallipoli.

The Administration of Mysore, 1834-61, by K. N. V. Sastir. Unwin, 16s. Sir Mark Cubbon's life-work.

Danger in India, by G. Tyson. Murray. 3s. 6d. *A Letter from India*, by Ed. Thompson. Faber. 5s. *India: a foreign view* by Andre Philip Sidgwick. 10s. 6d. Topical and controversial.

Raleigh's last Voyage. The Argonaut Press. Privately printed only.

NOVELS

Death of John Tait, by A. Fielding Collins. 7s. 6d. Crime Club selection.

The strange papers of Dr. Blaire, by C. Blaire. Allan. 2s. 6d.

Fruitless Eden, by D. S. Agnew. Joseph. 7s. 6d.

NEW NOVELS

Little Red Horses. By G. B. Stern. Heinemann. 8s. 6d.

Thank Heaven Fasting. By E. M. Delafield. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

The Black Swan. By Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

"Little Red Horses" is a love story. By that you must not imagine it to be like any other love story which you have read, because it isn't. It is the love story of two children who from the first day that they met, when Eden saw Halcyon "standing so still in the doorway," felt the need of each other to the exclusion of the rest of the world.

"But what I do mind"—they wandered downstairs again, and began shedding their clothes in front of the generous blaze—"what I do mind is that they shouldn't see how dreadfully we wanted to be alone for a good long time, without being bothered and fussed, and that the fun is just that! I don't want anything more, do you?"

"No," said Eden, "But they'll be sure that it's all sex and horrid. I don't mean that sex is horrid, Hal, because it isn't, but it is when *they* think of it."

"And, anyway, we're years too young."

Eden was twelve, Hal eleven.

"Little Red Horses" is a tragic story. And again, you must not imagine that it ends unhappily, because it doesn't. But everything came so soon to Halcyon and Eden. Halcyon brought up in New York, feted and spoilt as the child poetess of her age, Eden brought up in London as a child actor, having to keep his selfish and quite helpless family. Halcyon was taken from the blaze of glory in which her first years had been spent, cruelly and suddenly uprooted and then hastily dumped into the surroundings of an ordinary normal little girl. In New York she had as much money as she wanted; flowers, presents and praises heaped upon her; she had been lunched, dined and constantly amused; she had been interviewed until there was no one in the whole of New York who had not heard of Halcyon Day-Wonder Child. And then one day her father appeared, and disgusted with the way in which his little girl had been spoilt, took her away and left her stranded with an English aunt and told her to "find her own level."

"There's someone being hurt," whispered Halcyon.

"Little Red Horses" is a psychological study—not a difficult affair of inhibitions and the like—but the natural reactions of two children, to whom everything came too soon, and who loved each other. "Ah," I can hear you saying, "little beasts." But Halcyon and Eden were not "little beasts." It seemed to be always waiting, perhaps on the next page, perhaps the next chapter, this propensity to show what little beasts they were, but surprisingly it never came. These two children, in their wild pony gallops from one mature experience to another, are still only a boy and a girl on their wedding night, one aged eighteen, the other only seventeen. "Someone's being hurt"—so Halcyon, petted and exploited as a child

and transplanted into an atmosphere she did not understand, told to find her own level, that she was maturing precociously, that she was a little beast. "Someone's being hurt"—so Eden with the weight on his shoulders of a man three times his age. They were mature in experience, they were precocious in the way they thought, but whose fault was that?—and at heart they were young, gloriously young, and nobody understood.

Miss Stern has understood and the result is a love story, a tragic story, an immensely interesting story. The book is nearly six hundred pages long but it never flags, and there is a wealth of knowledge, of sentiment, of enjoyment in the youthful adventures, the youthful hopes and the tears in the sadly mature little Hal and Eden.

It is as though Miss Delafield had an axe to grind, but the axe was an old one and "Thank Heaven Fasting" has ground it quite away. Miss Delafield is her usual charming self, and her portraits are immensely entertaining, but her theme is too hackneyed to allow eulogistic praise for her new book.

Which of us has not laughed, and sighed a little perhaps, over the poor Edwardian young lady whose whole existence was so centred in the catching of her husband that the failure to do so poisoned all happiness for her for the rest of her life? The book is delightfully written, as indeed we knew that it would be; as full of delightful gibes and humour as ever, and the same poor Edwardians, with their meek kindnesses throttled with fear of this or fear of that, spring to life as soon as they enter the picture. They have been treated with a great pity and understanding, which again is Miss Delafield's way, and the modern young woman with her interests and liberty of thought and action, might do worse than read with a sigh for the poor unfortunates. But it is a little disappointing to find that Monica Ingram and her two friends' inability to find a suitable mate is the main theme of the book, mercilessly hammered in again and again as chapter follows chapter. A hackneyed and out-of-date theme, dominating a charming novel from beginning to end. But still, it is a novel by the Delafield pen and so a delightful piece of literature.

And now for "The Black Swan." It's all here; the pirates, the buccaneers, the battles and intrigues on the high seas, the jealous would-be-lover, the dashing hero as a "tall, slim, vigorous figure of a man in a suit of pale-blue taffetas with silver lace. About the wide brim of his black hat curled a pale-blue ostrich plume, and the hand he put forth to steady himself upon the ladder was gloved, and emerged from a cloud of fine lace." And the lovely lady who was coveted by the bad, bold pirate captain and . . . It's all here, and very good reading it is. When Rafael Sabatini really gets going he wafts us away from this uninteresting century of ours into a kingdom that, surprisingly, seems not too ridiculous; a kingdom of pale-blue ostrich feathers, of snowy lace at the wrist, of gallant, brave men of the sea, and very, very beautiful women.

REVIEWS**LETTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA**

The Letters of Queen Victoria, 1896-1901. Third and Final Volume. Edited by G. E. Buckle. John Murray. 25s.

THE last volume of this great series is an almost perfect picture of the end of the Victorian Age. The closing years of the nineteenth century have an air of Indian summer and golden sunset after storm—a strong and stable Tory Government with a prosperous country well in hand, a Diamond Jubilee at home, and pleasantly exciting little wars abroad—Ashanti, Afridi, Zanzibar, the Matabele, the Sudan, and finally, on a larger scale, South Africa, which quickly shocked the country out of its complacency and led to some angry comment by the Queen on the inefficiency of her War Office and the incompetence of some of her generals.

She trusted her Ministers, but her pen had lost none of its vigour when she detected slackness or ineptitude in Whitehall; and Lord Lansdowne had some difficulty in replying to her remarks on the shortcomings of the War Office more than once when he presided over it. Her strongest act, however, was when the German Emperor made some enquiry as to intervention in the South African War; he was told point-blank that "My whole nation is with me in a fixed determination to see this war through without intervention. The time for, and the terms of peace must be left to our decision, and my country, which is suffering from so heavy a sacrifice of precious lives, will resist all interference." Well might Lord Salisbury remark that he felt "glad it fell to the Queen to do it. It would not have been *convenable* for me to use such strong language."

Such was the Queen in the last year of her reign. There is no sign of failing powers here; the old lady seemed as fresh and vigorous as in her bouts with Gladstone twenty years before, but for all that she kept her sense of proportion. When her Ministers, for example, more than a little affected by the wave of Imperialism, seemed to be arranging for England to have rather more than the lion's share in some partitioning of territory, she remarked quietly, "Is nobody to have anything but ourselves?"

No wonder that people trusted her, and regarded her at last as being almost immortal. All the great figures of her reign had gone—Gladstone and Tennyson and Browning and Huxley—and a new generation was coming up with Kitchener and Asquith and Haldane. But she kept a shrewd eye on this rising talent and (what is perhaps more surprising) on new inventions—for the Queen must have been one of the first to use the gramophone, and she actually posed for the cinematograph at Balmoral. It is a curious revelation of her essential youthfulness of spirit that at eighty she should be interested in what were then new toys, and in this connection one could wish that the editors could tell us one thing more. The telephone predated the gramophone, and the motor

car became practical after 1895. The Queen must have heard of both—but did she ever use either one or the other? Before it is too late, it should be possible to ascertain the facts.

The first sign of failure in this correspondence occurs on the Queen's eighty-first birthday, when she confesses herself "tired and upset." For a few weeks all was well, but then she found herself unable to sleep, and her appetite began to fail. With her old prejudice against Ireland, she ascribed her breakdown to the visit to Dublin in 1900; but more probably it was the death of her second son, the Duke of Edinburgh, the illness of her eldest daughter, the ex-German Empress, and the death of Jane Churchill and other old friends that crushed her. Almost with a wail she writes that this "is a horrible year, nothing but sadness and horrors of one kind and another." For a few months longer she struggled on, but during autumn the end was perceptibly drawing near, and towards the close of the year she did little business beyond formally signing documents.

Typical entries towards the end are :

" 31st Dec.—A terribly stormy night. The same unfortunate alternations of sleep and restlessness, so that I did not get up when I wished to, which spoilt my morning and day. Got out a little after one with Beatrice. When I came in I had to sign for a new Trustee to my private money, who is Louis Battenburg. The afternoon was wet, and I took a short drive in a closed carriage. Rested when I came in. At a little after nine, after having my supper off Benger's Food, Harriet P. read to me, and I fell quite asleep.

" Osborne, 1st Jan., 1901.—Another year begun, and I am feeling so weak and unwell that I enter upon it sadly. The same sort of night as I have been having lately, but I did get rather more sleep and was up earlier. . . ."

The last entry in the diary is January 13th, and less than ten days later that indomitable spirit went quietly to sleep at Osborne.

SOME REMINISCENCES

My Candid Recollections. By the Duke of Manchester. Grayson. 21s.

Ponies and Women. By Col. T. P. Melville. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

Velvet and Vinegar. By Norman Thwaites. Grayson. 18s.

" **T**HE prisoner," said Mr. Chichele Plowden, the late London magistrate, on an acquittal, "can now leave the dock without any further stain upon his character." That story will occur to many on putting down the candid recollections of "Kim" as the Duke of Manchester is known to his intimates. The tales are nicely varnished and the life he describes, impossible in post-war England, may as well be written down for future generations. Mr. Churchill has one admirer in politics anyway, for the Duke is like many no democrat at heart. Some of his comments on modern life needed saying badly. The heartless flirt (p. 73) will recall the facts to many in London Society a few years back. A glance at the index shows a social connection,

mentioned in these pages, which describes the author's world, its limits and its appeal.

Racy is the most apt term to apply to Col. Melville's pleasant tale of life as a soldier, a polo-player and a gallant, though many a subaltern might profit from his hints on polo-pony training, and even Hurlingham from his open advice to it. The author suggests a "campaign chest" instead of a "campaign stud" as the way to win back the Westchester Cup. It is sound, and, as he shows, workable. Col. Melville is hard on the 1924-25 white officer in India. He is better now; he will get better once the idle talk of new constitutions is put aside.

The third book is the life of a man of whom some will already have heard. You cannot know the capitals of the world, as the author does, without learning something! His intelligence work in the war had its interest and so its lessons; his readers will learn that the dirty end of the stick in warfare is not always in the front-line. International spies have a morality utterly different from the simple Public School System; granted that, it is easier to appreciate motive and method. This explains if it cannot justify the placing of bombs in the holds of American-laden vessels, 1914-17, a work the author revealed and largely suppressed. Some 36 were "lost at sea." This soldier-journalist was decorated by the Prince of Wales for his work in New York in the War. One other page needs thinking over, too. Col. Thwaites met Gen. Hoffman, whom he rates higher than Ludendorff.

THE SOUL OF THE RENAISSANCE

The Quattro Cento. By Adrian Stokes. Faber & Faber. 25s. net.

IN this aggravating and yet fascinating book, the first volume of a trilogy, Mr. Adrian Stokes has set out "to isolate the central fire of the Renaissance" with special reference to stone as material. All those who are interested in early Renaissance sculpture and architecture should study it as patiently as they can, even if they hurl imprecations at the author's delight in tripping up his reader. For they will find a new line of interpretation and an unconventional appreciation of values combined with a descriptive power which only too often in its quest for the unexpected word brings the reader to a sudden standstill.

The reviewer at first struggled unhappily with sentences that proved Mr. Adrian Stokes' dislike of facility. There was no escape from it. They had to be considered with an attention approaching that demanded by Ruskin in "Sesame and Lilies" and often the attention was rewarded.

The following sentences are typical examples of his style:—

"With some days of sirocco Venice is a sea-monster on whose glassy tongue you are scaled. Now this, now that campanile is a sharp decaying tooth, minatory, while the oily sirens of ships are noises in the head of the monster who has caught you, rousing your envy of fish that squirm from between claws to depths of basalt rock."

Undoubtedly a sirocco nightmare!

At the outset Mr. Stokes warns us in italics that he will not use "Quattro Cento" at all in its proper sense as an Italian chronological expression for fifteenth century. One looks in vain for a concise expression of what he does mean by it, but from one passage it seems clear that he calls Quattro Cento the art of the fifteenth century which expresses the compulsion "to throw life outward, to make expression definite on the stone."

Perhaps the exact meaning of the phrase is not easy to grasp, but to one reader at any rate as he read on there came the delightful discovery that he thoroughly agreed with Mr. Stokes as to the artistic perfection of the highest manifestations of the Quattro Cento spirit. Perhaps one might detect a hint of rebellion in the ecstatic description of Verrocchio's "lavabo" at Florence, a work which has had less enthusiastic admirers. It was pleasant, however, to find the author, in a footnote, hinting at his own obscurity and explaining that "to act prehensile" is constructed by analogy to the vulgarity, "to act funny." I admit that I am still a little hazy as to the meaning of "the large and slow rain of beasts more primitive than to act prehensile."

When Mr. Stokes comes to those glorious masterpieces, the Palazzo Ducale at Urbino, and the Tempio Malatestiano at Rimini, he carries away a reader who has adored them and has grown accustomed to the curiosities of his style. "I say with confidence that no carved capitals in the world are beautiful when compared with those in the courtyard at Urbino." That may be extravagance, but who does not welcome such extravagance with the memory of Luciano Laurana's work in his unconscious.

Then again, Sigismondo Malatesta and his Tempio, which even now can make a man fall madly in love with dead Isotta, stand out as the expression of that fierce spirit who compelled death to serve his life and love and did not fear to build his beloved's tomb when she was still in the height of her youth and beauty. Nor did he scruple to emboss it "with the magic date of 1446, the year in which he first possessed her," and to poke a little fun at his lady's loquacity with an epitaph, "Tempus loquendi, tempus tacendi."

DIVORCE LAW REFORM

Mischief of the Marriage Law. By J. F. Worsley-Boden, D.Litt. Williams & Norgate. 21s.

IHAVE studied the literature of divorce law reform for thirty years and have found nothing so good as this volume since the publication of S. B. Kitchin's "History of Divorce" in 1910. Indeed this book is even better, for the author has a special knowledge of ecclesiastical law, a trained legal mind which ensures legal accuracy, and is also a good historian. If he had merely set out a work of reference, the appendix on the law of divorce in other countries is indispensable and is prepared with all the care necessary to such complicated subject-matter.

The first historical chapters are models of what the book requires. They are neither too short nor too long. The style is admirable and the

chapter at the end entitled "The need for new grounds," together with the subsequent chapters show that the author is thoroughly in touch with the modern difficulties of the question. It is a great pleasure to welcome from an Anglican divine a book which carries on all the best traditions of liberal thought in the Church of England, for they are certainly not so conspicuous to-day as they were fifty years ago.

Dr. Worsley-Boden tackles two questions which were shirked by the Royal Commission in 1912. The first is the question of divorce by mutual consent. The muddled Statute of 1857 put the State into the shoes of the Church and continued the theory of marriage as a sacrament in the sense that two spouses who agreed on a divorce were

guilty of violating a sacrament. Otherwise there can be no excuse for treating the parties to a contract as if they were infants or lunatics, although the Courts might no doubt intervene to make sure that economic justice is secured for any children of the family concerned.

An even more serious result of the doctrine known as collusion is that it has prevented any measure of divorce for desertion in England and Wales in spite of the fact that divorce for desertion has worked very well in Scotland and relieved incalculable misery ever since the days of John Knox. The other question which the Commissioners did not like to tackle because their task was already so laborious, was the difficulties of domicile and on this problem the author's comments are wise and acute.

In 1911 I suggested to the first Lord Gorell, and subsequently in the Press, that the doctrine of nationality should be substituted for domicile as a test of jurisdiction coupled with the certain test of five years' continuous residence. By this means a British subject in the West Indies could, by residing in Scotland for five years, obtain a divorce in Scotland, and this principle was in a modified form introduced by the Indian and Colonial Divorce Jurisdiction Act, 1926. This gives the High Court in India jurisdiction to grant a decree of divorce whether the parties to the marriage are British subjects domiciled in England or Scotland and resident in India, although the grounds of the divorce are quite unreasonably limited to the grounds which are in force under English law. The necessary powers have been extended to the Dominions by an Order in Council, but they have rarely been used by the Dominion Courts.

The adoption of nationality as a test of jurisdiction would much simplify private international law in the European countries where the test of domicile is unknown, especially, for instance, in France where the word *domicile* actually means residence. Dr. Worsley-Boden suggests that foreign Courts might have power to try divorce cases between British nationals but this would be very difficult having regard to the different laws of divorce which prevail in such countries as France and Germany. British subjects, however, who wished to avail themselves of (for example) the German law would have to become naturalised in Germany, and the change of nationality is at any rate much more certain than any change of domicile because nationality does not depend on any expression of intention which can subsequently be changed.

I have for years lamented the absence of a book which covers the whole ground of this very tangled question but such a work demands an unusual combination of qualities and of knowledge which is unusual in these days of specialists. Perhaps I may be pardoned for saying that if I had ever had the leisure to write the volume which I had always wanted to write, I should have set to work on the same lines as Dr. Worsley-Boden, though I should probably not have achieved so scholarly a result.

E. S. P. HAYNES.

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GEORGE ELIOT.

Life of George Eliot. By Emile and Georges Romieu. Cape. 7s. 6d.

A BIOGRAPHER who strives to "evoke a remarkable woman and, for the space of a few hours, restore to her the breath, the warmth, the movement which are the elements of life" runs the very grave risk of not being taken seriously, the risk of suffocating his biography and submerging it with his own personality. And in this case when the biographers are Frenchmen and their work has had the disadvantage of translation from a language at once emotional and vivacious, the life of George Eliot is relegated to the realms of fiction rather than of authentic biography.

Taking these facts into consideration, and making the necessary allowances, a very pleasing portrait of George Eliot and her inspirational partner, George Lewis, emerges. Whether Marian Evans, alias George Eliot, went through the ecstasies so lavishly bestowed on her by her Gallic biographers is hard to decide, but a woman, not necessarily the true woman, does emerge; a woman of great genius and of many moods, a woman who had no stamina and no ability to stand alone and whose genius and whose moods were essentially dependent on those around her. The meetings with, and glimpses of, some of the greatest names of her century cannot fail to interest students of the period, and the extracts from her copious correspondence make excellent reading.

It is, emotionally, a very readable life—but George Eliot takes on a great deal of the character and the behaviour of a daughter of France.

A. A.

The Life Story of Edward de Vere as "William Shakespeare." By Percy Allen. Palmer. 7s. 6d.

NOTE that the title is "The Life Story," not "The Case for"; Mr. Allen has already given us the latter work. In his latest contribution to the Shakespeare Controversy he assumes the case as proved. Unless you remember that, many pages of this book will certainly infuriate you; unless, that is, you are already a subscriber to the Oxford claim. Those who may be termed the part-converted, those who find it hard to believe that Stratford's Shakespeare wrote the plays attributed to him, and are therefore prepared to consider the De Vere case without prejudice, will find Mr. Allen's book strongly suggestive, and, in places, very nearly cogent. Orthodox Stratfordians will, of course, scoff. And it cannot be denied that Mr. Allen gives them plenty of opportunities: for instance, when he hints that Portia's intervention in the trial of Shylock is a dramatized version of Elizabeth's contribution (purely hypothetical!) to the prosecution of Michael Lock, Treasurer of the fraudulent Cathay Company, in which she and Oxford, among others, had lost money. Mr. Allen appears unaware that the plot of "The Merchant of Venice" was taken almost bodily from an Italian novel written some 200 years previously.

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HEIRS TO THE HAPSBURGS.

SIR,—The reputed dictum of the Emperor Francis Joseph suggests the phrase of the Czech historian Francis Palacky, who adapted Voltair's celebrated epigram to the effect that if Austria did not exist it would be necessary to invent it. Later, however, Palacky prophesied "before Austria was we were, and after Austria has ceased to exist we still shall be." His Bohemia is the nucleus of the Czechoslovak Republic, the most stable of the succession states.

FRANCIS P. MARCHANT.

Streatham.

THE LEAGUE AS MAGISTRATE

SIR,—It was refreshing to read in your columns a really sane article with regard to the functions of the League of Nations, especially when it comes from the pen of such an eminent international lawyer as Sir Frederick Pollock.

Ever since the Geneva Protocol of 1924, (1924 please, not 1921), the sentimentalists have been staging their elaborate comedy at Geneva, which has now degenerated into a farce. The first big test—the Sino-Japanese affair—has laid bare the inadequacy of the existing machinery for the prevention of war. Consequently a large number of ordinary men and women who can see, however Sir John Simon may still delude himself, that world opinion is a myth, that there is only, at present, French opinion, German opinion, American opinion, British opinion, etc., and hopelessly divided at that, are rallying to the Continental conception of the League, which was deliberately discarded at the Peace Conference in the name of "National Sovereignty," I mean, the League as an Institution to keep the peace, with its own police, its own law and courts.

Now this, I admit, goes further than Sir Frederick Pollock would like. He admits that the world must have a sheriff and sheriff's posse, but he flinches at the thought of a cosmopolitan gendarmerie. His objections to the cut-and-dried plan of Mr. Ashton are well-founded, and if it were merely a question of considering what is feasible in the present state of Europe, still more with the mental confusion which prevails on all questions connected with the League, one could support such an alternative plan as he outlines. Sir Frederick Pollock betrays, however, if I may say so, the cloven hoof of national prejudice, or, if you like, Englishry, when he suggests that a naval patrol, etc., should be provided "not by way of formal obligation but as among friends." Now, as a realist, Sir Frederick must see that the present relationship of nations is the very opposite of friendship. The point that I would emphasise, however, is the question of psychological or mental approach. You will never get a Frenchman, or indeed anyone on the Continent who is not impregnated with Anglo-Saxon ideas, to put any faith in the League as magistrate or any other

peace machinery, unless you pursue the path of formal obligations. That is really the fundamental issue at Geneva. Englishmen have got to face squarely up to this idea of "sanctions" which are the lynch-pin of the new international structure.

My proposal is, briefly, that the British Government should tear away the veils of sentimentalism which obscure the League of Nations from the vision of ordinary intelligent people in this country, and should, with a deep sense of realism, offer to accept the principle of an international force in return for the acceptance by France of some kind of equity tribunal where contending national claims could be settled, not so much on the basis of "justice," which is, after all, a subjective thing, as of expediency in the common interests of the nations.

May I finally reassure Sir Frederick Pollock that those of us who wish to make the League of Nations an effective agent of law and order are not trying to build up a superstate?

W. HORSFALL CARTER.

*Mowbray House,
Norfolk Street,
W.C.2.*

CYCLING AND HEALTH.

SIR,—Although only two of the fourteen hundred doctors who were recently asked to give their opinion of the effect of cycling upon health decided against the bicycle, several of them ventured in passing to criticise dropped handlebars without actually producing any specific evidence of that of malformation and cramping of the chest which is commonly alleged to be a result of using this type of handlebar.

There is indeed no such evidence in existence. The allegation is one of our hardier myths, as can easily be verified by any medical man who cares to examine the physique of any habitual bicyclist, and especially, because they are more in the public eye, the really first-class road racing bicyclists.

Reporting upon the physical condition of the first four prizewinners (F. W. Southall, F. G. Frost, O. B. Orrell, E. Bloodworth) in the 1930 best all round cyclist competition, Dr. Adolphe Abrahams, honorary medical officer to the British Olympic Athletic Team, stated:—"The next anatomical feature which catches the eye is the great chest expansion. This, one need not hesitate to say, is an indispensable feature for cycling. It is far less conspicuous in runners, and in particular long-distance runners, whose chest expansion may be remarkably little. The reason I take to be the necessity in the case of the cyclist to compensate by the use of the thorax for diminished abdominal breathing and movements of the diaphragm. The runner is not so dependent upon his chest."

JOHN PUGH.

*Rudge-Whitworth, Limited, Coventry,
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PALMER

Reviewed on page 569

Mr. PERCY ALLEN'S

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Mr. Cecil Palmer will gladly send particulars of many other volumes dealing with the authorship of Shakespeare Plays and Sonnets.

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CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday.

Whatever may be the outcome of the Lausanne Conference to be held this month, the City, at any rate, fully realises the seriousness of the situation and the very grave issues that are at stake. International credit, and consequently international trade, are suffering from the lack of co-operation between the leading countries in dealing with the economic and financial troubles that beset us, and until universal agreement is reached there is no likelihood of recovery anywhere. It is the realisation of this fact that dominates the situation at the moment. Business in the City is practically at a standstill and whilst anxiety lasts as to the outcome of the Conference at Lausanne any change for the better is very improbable. The City, ever optimistic, is not without hope that unity of purpose will be secured; but confidence has been so rudely shaken in the past that even the City now ceases to believe in international agreements until they are actually a fact.

No Public Need.

The decision of the Stock Exchange Committee to close the "House" again this Saturday meets with general approval. In setting the example last Autumn for greater effort on the part of everyone by reverting to a six-day week the Committee acted wisely. But experience has shown that the greater facilities offered are not wanted by the public at any rate at the moment. For several months dealers have given up their Saturday freedom to come to Town; but for the amount of good done in securing business they might just as well have stayed at home.

The Railway Pool.

What benefit, other than a possible slight further saving in working expenses, can result from the pooling scheme between the London Midland & Scottish and London & North Eastern Railways, it is not easy to see. It is rather like the struggle of two drowning men to regain safety by means of a single straw. A more urgent necessity would seem to be the cheapening of rates and fares in order to help industry and foster traffic. If this is the ultimate goal aimed at then much is to be said for the pooling arrangement. But at the moment there is nothing in the new policy to encourage the hope of a turn in the tide of traffic decreases. That the situation is critical needs no argument. For the first twenty weeks of the current year traffic earnings of the L.M.S. declined nearly £1,800,000 and those of the London & North Eastern by about £1,670,000.

Value of Insurance.

Shareholders of the Eagle, Star and British Dominions Insurance Company, Ltd., have every reason to be gratified with the balance sheet presented at the annual meeting last week. In his address to the shareholders, Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., the chairman, made some encouraging observations concerning the immediate outlook not only for the Eagle, Star but for British insurance

COMPANY MEETING

MODDERFONTEIN B. GOLD MINES, LIMITED

(INCORPORATED IN THE UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA.)

REPORT OF THE PROCEEDINGS AT THE 23RD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING OF SHAREHOLDERS HELD IN JOHANNESBURG ON THURSDAY, 28TH APRIL, 1932.

The Chairman (Mr. C. L. Read) said:—

A year of increased activity with profits on a somewhat lower scale is reflected in the Directors' Report and Audited Accounts, which are to-day submitted to you for approval and adoption.

The tonnage milled at 887,000 was 47,000 tons in excess of the previous year's tonnage, and constituted a fresh record for the mine. The increase was mainly the result of the adequate supply of native labour and the alterations effected to the reduction plant early in the year. The benefit of the latter was first experienced in the month of May, 1931, when all previous monthly tonnages were eclipsed by the milling of 77,000 tons.

The recovery of gold and the working revenue per ton milled fell by 1.015 dwt. and 4s. 5d. respectively, whilst on the other hand working costs were reduced by 1s. 1d. per ton milled. The working profit was consequently lower by 3s. 4d. per ton milled at a total of £424,173 9s. 2d. Adding to this figure the difference between sundry revenue and expenditure items, amounting to £25,291 4s. 10d., the unappropriated balance of £291,054 6s. 11d. brought in at the beginning of the year, the amount of £33,297 4s. 0d., representing capital credits, there was a total of £774,147 0s. 2d. to be dealt with.

As stated in the Directors' Report, it was disposed of as follows:—

Dividends to Shareholders	£420,000	0	0
Government and Provincial Taxes	60,512	12	10
Further provision towards the outstanding liability for Miners' Phthisis Compensation	18,507	0	0
Making a total of	£499,019	12	10
And leaving a balance of	275,127	7	4
to be carried forward to the year 1932.				
		£774,147	0	2

The balance comprised:—

Shares, Stores, Sundry Debtors, etc.	£99,562	7	0
Net cash after providing for current liabilities	175,565	0	4
		£275,127	7	4

The use of mechanically operated scrapers underground was further extended during the year with satisfactory results, and operations as a whole were conducted at the high level of efficiency which has so long been characteristic of the Modder B. mine. The aggregate working costs for the year were £4,340 lower than for the previous year, notwithstanding that the aggregate tonnage milled was 47,000 tons higher. Economies were effected in both surface and underground operations, principally in rock breaking, in shovelling and tramping, and in the reduction and treatment of ore.

The results of development operations for the year were satisfactory. The footage accomplished was 24,380, and of 19,135 feet sampled, 3,790 feet on Main Reef Leader were classed as payable, at an average value of 17.8 dwts. over 23 inches. The payable ore developed during the year was 369,580 tons of an average value of 5.85 dwts. per ton over a stoning width, and the payable ore reserves as re-estimated at the 31st December, 1931, amounted to 1,177,460 tons of an average value of 6.57 dwts. over an estimated stoning width of 49.3 inches. The decrease in ore reserve tonnage, viz., 48,940 tons, compares favourably with the annual decline in tonnage for many years past, a result which is due to a restriction of the tonnage mined from ore reserve blocks and to the development of a larger tonnage of payable ore during the year.

For the first three months of the current year, 225,000 tons of ore have been milled, and a working profit of £91,176 has been made. These results are in keeping with the final paragraph of the Consulting Engineer's Report. The development accomplished was 6,026 feet, of which 5,125 feet were sampled on reef, and 1,245 feet were classed as payable at an average value of 419 inch-dwts.

As shareholders are probably aware, the direct tax on profits has now been increased from 3s. to 4s. in the £ by the Government of the Union of South Africa. Apart from this addition to direct taxation, further burdens have been imposed in the shape of the 5 per cent. primage, which came into force in October last, and by a recent surcharge of 7½ per cent. on all customs dues. The full effect of these indirect charges, to which must be added an increase in the freight rate on coal levied by the South African Railway Administration, has not at the moment been

assessed with sufficient exactitude for me to quote specific figures, but had the increase in direct taxation been in force during the year ended 31st December, 1931, the additional amount which this Company would have been called upon to pay to the Union Government under that head would have been the sum of approximately £20,000.

Our Company, in conjunction with other gold producing companies, has been saddled with these burdens owing to the adherence of South Africa to the Gold Standard—after it had been suspended by Great Britain and many other countries following on and accentuating the effects of the economic depression which had already severely affected the Union for a prolonged period. The Transvaal Chamber of Mines has expressed the view of the Gold Industry that the interests of the Industry and of the country as a whole will be best served by leaving the Gold Standard.

In our own case, with a diminishing ore reserve and a steady reduction in the average grade of ore exposed in the mine, every effort has been and is being exerted to improve efficiency and reduce costs of production. These efforts are countered by the Governmental impositions which I have just mentioned. The suspension of the Gold Standard would make an enormous difference to the revenue to be derived from the Modder B. mine and to the aggregate tonnage which it would be able profitably to exploit. Such a measure would, in our opinion, eliminate the necessity for the additional burdens recently imposed; it would relieve the abnormal depression now affecting the industrial and commercial life of South Africa; in addition, it would prove beneficial to the shareholders of this Company and the interests of the Industry in general.

The motion was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

COMPANY MEETING

CALLENDER'S CABLE & CONSTRUCTION CO.

THE thirty-sixth ordinary general meeting of Callender's Cable and Construction Company, Limited, was held on the 21st May, at the Waldorf Hotel, Aldwych, W.C., Sir J. FORTESCUE FLANNERY B.T., D.L., M.I.N.S.C.E., chairman of the Company, presiding.

The CHAIRMAN, in the course of his speech, said: I must first refer to the serious and unprecedented state of trade and finance throughout the world. Facilities of communication have destroyed the old-time isolation. Bad as are the conditions in this country, the conditions of trade and finance in other countries are worse still, but we see signs of improvement here in advance of our neighbours in Europe or across the Atlantic. Above all, we have upheld our national character for financial stability. We are the most heavily taxed nation in the world; the most highly rated by local authorities. Money thus withdrawn is no longer available for trade improvement.

Our Company's operations are still of world-wide extension. Our cables literally extend from China to Peru. In the former country we have held a leading position in electricity for many years. Our "bread and butter" business has been maintained, and there is now an increasing demand for wires and cables under the Central Electricity Board scheme for providing electricity throughout the country.

On the other hand, there has been rather a dearth of large contracts during the year, but we may claim that we have had a very fair share of what has been going. The business of the Anchor Cable Company, which is in rubber insulated cables, has been maintained quite satisfactorily, and we have more than held our own in the market. During the year we have spent considerable sums on the factory at Erith, installing new machinery of the most modern type.

During the past year we have disposed of the Surbiton undertaking and our interest in the South Wales Power Company, Limited, which transactions showed a satisfactory margin over cost. The surplus thus acquired—£40,129—has been carried direct to renewals and contingencies account, together with £59,870 from last year's carry-forward, bringing the total in this account to a round £200,000. This valuable reserve brings our total reserves up to £1,000,000. Our investments have risen to £1,507,552, an increase of approximately £100,000. We are satisfied that these investments are worth more than is shown in the balance sheet.

The gross profit for the year is £528,882, compared with £509,547, which, bearing in mind the difficulties of trade, is a magnificent result. Our general expenses show a reduction of nearly £40,000. We now recommend the payment of a dividend of 15 per cent., and a carry-forward of £292,054. So far as 1932 is concerned, your directors hope that the worst is over, for they see signs, slight but definite, of revival in business.

The resolution was unanimously adopted.

COMPANY MEETING

EVER READY CO. (Great Britain)

LARGE EXPANSION IN SALES.

THE ordinary annual general meeting of the Ever Ready Co. (Great Britain), Ltd. (manufacturers of batteries and electrical sundries), was held on Tuesday last at the Ever Ready Works, Holloway, N.

Mr. Magnus Goodfellow (the Chairman and Managing Director) who presided, said: The past year has been an eventful one for our country and also for the Company, and in the circumstances we can congratulate ourselves on having made an increased profit as shown in the accounts before you.

The sales during the year show an advance in value of nearly 30 per cent., as compared with the previous year, and expressed in units of production, the advance is greater still, for, as you will remember, our selling prices were reduced on the 1st July, 1931. You will realise that a great effort was made by everyone in the business to attain this result, every branch and department having contributed to the increase (with two small and unimportant exceptions).

From the records at my disposal, I have formed the opinion that there has again been an increase in consumption of all primary batteries in this country during the year, which I estimate at between 15 per cent. and 20 per cent.

The depreciation in value of the £, followed by the imposition of a 20 per cent. ad valorem duty on the importation of primary batteries, resulted in the practical stoppage of imports by the end of the year 1931; in fact, since January, 1932, such imports have shown a decrease of 90 per cent., and our early preparatory work has enabled us to obtain the greater part of this business.

NEW FACTORIES ACQUIRED.

In August last we purchased a freehold factory comprising some 35,000 square feet of floor space, which was of great assistance to us, and, in addition to extensions in a number of our existing factories, we purchased another freehold factory comprising some 130,000 square feet of floor space last November, which is being rapidly equipped, and will be capable of coping with the increased business we hope to obtain next autumn.

The Chairman then dealt fully with the items in the balance sheet, and mentioned that in view of the country's difficulties which came to a head in October of last year, they had laid in large supplies of all materials on the gold basis, with the result that the stocks for use throughout this year will, broadly, have been acquired at the lowest prices ruling for more than twenty years.

THREE-GEAR DIVIDED RECORD.

He also referred to the fact that since the last issue of capital in 1929, £200,000 had been expended on buildings, plant and equipment, and stock and debtors had risen nearly £200,000, and that during the three years, after the final dividend for this year is paid, the sum of £610,000 will have been distributed to the shareholders.

In concluding his remarks, the Chairman referred to the issue of ordinary shares to the shareholders, and said: I think you will appreciate from what I have said that we are expecting a further increase of business this year. There has already been a substantial increase in sales during April and May, and if we are supported by the consumer and the trade, as we anticipate, we should be able a year hence to face you with another good report.

I again pay my tribute to the loyal work of the managers, the executive staff, and workpeople, and I take pride in their achievements.

The report was unanimously adopted.

offices generally. In the course of an interesting review of the position Sir Edward maintained that the world crisis went to prove that British insurance companies were the soundest in the world and that investments in insurance shares were among the best that could be found. The crisis had emphasised, he said, the great advantages of life and endowment insurance. It is also of interest to learn that notwithstanding the depressed conditions still existing the year 1932 on the whole, had opened so far more favourably than last year.

Callender's Cable Results.

The recent rise in the price of Callender's Cable and Construction Company's ordinary shares seems to be justified by the trading results of the past year now available. To have earned a gross profit of £528,883 or only £70,665 less than for the preceding year is an accomplishment of which any company, in existing conditions, may be justly proud. The net profit shows a similar proportionate decline but no difficulty is experienced in maintaining the ordinary dividend at 15 per cent., which has been the rate of distribution for the past twelve years, on a steadily increasing capital. In view of the fall in profits it is of particular interest to learn that the use of electricity for industrial purposes, which suffered a diminution during the recent depression, is now gradually increasing, whilst the demand for electricity in the household, not only for lighting but for general appliances, is developing in a satisfactory manner. The present price of the £1 ordinary shares is in the neighbourhood of 54s. cum dividend.

Antofagasta Railway.

There is little of a cheerful character in the report of the Antofagasta (Chili) and Bolivia Railway Company. Tin mining in Bolivia remains very depressed and the Chilian nitrate industry shows no sign of recovery. These conditions have wrought a great change in the fortunes of the Company and whereas two years ago the Ordinary shareholders were getting 7 per cent. dividends now the company is earning no more than sufficient to meet its debenture charges and dividend on the 5 per cent. Preference stock. Drastic economies have been made in working charges but last year's reduction in expenses of £253,000 was little more than half the loss in gross receipts. The seriousness of the position may be gathered from the fact that a market depreciation of over £5,000,000 has occurred in the value of the Ordinary stock since 1929. At one time in that year the quotation touched 111 $\frac{1}{2}$. It is now about 10 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Stock Exchanges' Ten-Year Record of Prices and Dividends (1922-31) Fred. C. Mathieson & Sons. 20s.

This useful reference work differs from most text books in that it gives each variable dividend or rate of dividend paid at particular dates without regard to the period of accrual, this being more useful to accountants for checking the returns of clients for Surtax assessments. It also contains highest and lowest transactions marked of all Stocks and Shares officially quoted for two years or more on the London and Provincial Stock Exchanges.

COMPANY MEETING

EAGLE, STAR & BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE CO.

A SATISFACTORY YEAR'S OPERATIONS.

The annual general meeting of the Eagle, Star & British Dominions Insurance Company, Limited, was held on the 27th May at the head offices of the Company, 32, Moorgate, London, E.C. Sir Edward Mountain, Bart., J.P., Chairman of the Company, presided.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report and accounts, said that in view of the difficult conditions which obtained throughout 1931 the various departments of the Company showed highly satisfactory results. In the life section new policies numbering 2,244 were issued, assuring a net sum of £2,118,593, while the rate of interest earned on the total life assurance and annuity funds amounted to £4 12s. 6d. per cent., after deduction of income tax. The quinquennial valuation of the current life and annuity funds was made at the 31st December, 1931, the stringent bases of valuation previously adopted being maintained. The valuation showed a gross surplus in the participating sections of £229,020, of which it was decided to distribute £223,026 and carry forward the balance. In the non-participating section of the life fund the gross surplus amounted to £128,178, of which £75,000 had already been transferred to the shareholders' profit and loss account, leaving a balance of £53,178, which the Board had decided to carry forward.

FIRE LOSS RATIO REDUCED.

In the fire department the net premiums amounted to £833,396, a decrease of £34,406 as compared with the preceding year. The whole of this reduction took place in connection with the North American business. The incurred loss ratio to earned premium was 51 per cent., compared with 53 per cent. in 1930.

The ordinary premiums for the year on personal accident and sickness policies amounted to £54,548, and the sum of £14,050 has been transferred to profit and loss account.

In regard to the general insurance department it would be noted that motor insurance was now the subject of a separate account. The total premiums in the general department amounted to £396,456, and the sum of £68,942 was transferred to profit and loss account.

In the motor department, although they had been very careful in the selection of business, they were able to record an increase of £75,000 in the premium income. After making a full reserve for outstanding losses and unexpired liability the net results had been very satisfactory.

In the marine department the fund carried forward now stood at £467,572, equivalent to 113 per cent. of the premium income.

DIVIDEND OF 20 PER CENT.

Turning to the profit and loss account, the net interest worked out at £151,450, an increase of £3,836 over the previous year. The net cost of dividends for the year amounted to £140,542, so there was a margin on interest alone over the net dividend paid of £10,908. The amount credited to profit and loss account from the various trading departments was £155,644. After transferring £150,000 from the general reserve fund they were able to allocate £100,000 to the investment fluctuation account and £125,000 to exchange reserve account to provide for variations in exchange during the year, and after allowing for expenses not charged elsewhere the balance remaining was sufficient to provide dividends at the rate of 20 per cent. on the Ordinary shares, 6 per cent. on the Preference shares, and 10 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary shares. There remained to be carried forward £72,787, an increase of £4,106 on the corresponding figure for last year.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and the proceedings closed with a vote of thanks to the chairman, directors, and staff.

Literary

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I AM preparing a study on Benjamin Franklin Bache (1769-1798) and am anxious to locate manuscript material relating to him. I should greatly appreciate hearing from anyone who knows of the whereabouts of such papers and should like, if possible, to make arrangements for securing photostatic copies of unpublished documents, or possibly purchase such as may be for sale. Bernard Fay, address care of Little, Brown & Co., Publishers, 34, Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or 18, Rue St. Guillaume, Paris, France.

Miscellaneous

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The "Saturday Review" Suggests This Week :

[We hope that this page will keep our readers in touch with the best of the Theatre, Film, and Wireless programmes of the week.—ED.]

THEATRES

GILBERT WAKEFIELD'S LIST

LYCEUM. *The Miracle*. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. Pseudo-religious pageantry—frequently magnificent as a stage-spectacle.

CRITERION. *Musical Chairs*. By Ronald MacKenzie. 8.40. Tues. and Sat., 2.30. Intelligent comedy in the manner of "The Cherry Orchard."

QUEEN'S. *Heartbreak House*. By Bernard Shaw. 8.15. Wed. and Sat., 2.30.

PLAYHOUSE. *Doctor Pygmalion*. By Harrison Owen. 8.30. Wed. and Thurs., 2.30. Gladys Cooper, Ronald Squire, Edmond Breon, and other first-class fashionable actors in a very nearly first-class fashionable comedy.

PALACE. *The Cat and the Fiddle*. By Jerome Kern and Otto Harbach. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. That very rare thing, an intelligent musical comedy, excellently played.

ST. MARTIN'S. *Somebody Knows*. By John van Druten. 8.30. Tues. and Fri., 2.30. Deals, characteristically, with a murder case.

NEW. *Twelfth Night*. 8.30. Tues., Thurs. and Sat., 2.30. A lovely, but not (at the first performance) very funny, presentation of Shakespeare's most delightful comedy. Scenery and costumes done in black and white. Phyllis Neilson-Terry a glorious Olivia, Jean Forbes-Robertson a charmingly pathetic Viola. (Review next week.)

DUCHESS. *A Cold June*. By Pinero. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. A rather thin light-comedy about the daughter of a deceased Edwardian "beauty," and her two presumptive fathers. Not too happily cast, apart from Hugh Wakefield and (perhaps) Betty Stockfield.

EMBASSY. *Behind the Blinds*. By Vivian Tidmarsh. Four short plays showing episodes, unrelated both to one another and to life, occurring simultaneously in four adjoining flats. Poorly constructed and with dull passages, but unusual and on the whole good entertainment.

DALY'S. Dance Recitals by Clothilde and Alexandre Sakharoff; with Maria Kousnetzoff, from the Opera, Paris. 8.30. Sat., 2.30. (Ending June 11th).

LYRIC. *Dangerous Corner*. By J. B. Priestley. 8.30. Wed. and Sat., 2.30. (Reviewed this week).

BROADCASTING

June 5th, 4.15 p.m. (National). Hamlet will be compressed into one hour and three quarters. Those who like their quart of Shakespeare in a medicine glass should not miss this.

June 6th, 6.30 p.m. (Regional). Stewart Gardner, a baritone who has received far too little recognition in recent years, will sing two groups of songs.

June 9th, 8.0 p.m. (Regional). A well balanced symphony concert conducted by Julian Clifford.

June 11th, 9.30 p.m. (National). The Aldershot Tattoo broadcast cannot fail to be stimulating. Any programme for which the Outside Broadcast Director is responsible is bound to be arresting and technically perfect. This is the one programme of the week which should keep everyone at home.

N.B.—The Children's Hour is holding a Request Week. 5.15—6 p.m. is the time to find out what your children really enjoy when your back is turned.

The Theatre Orchestra is performing on Monday at 8.30, Tuesday at 6.35, Wednesday at 9.15, Thursday at 8.0 and Friday at 9.30. Foreign Stations can be tuned in at these times.

FILMS

MARK FORREST'S LIST

LONDON FILMS

THE CARLTON. *Shanghai Express*. This good melodrama has finished its long run, and is replaced by Mr. Lubitsch's "The Man I Killed," which will be reviewed next week.

THE ACADEMY. *Mädchen in Uniform*. This brilliant German film continues. In the same bill is the submarine picture, *Men Like These*.

THE CAMBRIDGE. M. Mr. Lang's picture, based on the Düsseldorf murders, has been chosen to open the CAMBRIDGE: this theatre will be run on the lines of the ACADEMY.

THE RIALTO. *Il Est Charmant*. The last week of this amusing musical comedy. Henry Garat.

THE TIVOLI. *The Lost Squadron*. For those who like aerial thrills. Richard Dix.

THE REGAL. *The Crowd Roars*. For those who like motor racing. James Cagney.

GENERAL RELEASES

Private Lives. Screen version of Mr. Coward's play. Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery.

X Marks the Spot. A full blooded crime and newspaper story.

Secrets of a Secretary. Herbert Marshall and Claudette Colbert.